

CO. K MAY WANT TIME TO REST

Secretary Clements Suggests Holding Off Dance and Feast a Day

Final arrangements for the entertainment of El Paso's soldiers, company K, Fourth Texas Infantry, upon their return from Camp Wilson, San Antonio, Texas, will be completed Tuesday morning at 10 o'clock when the military committee of the chamber of commerce will convene at the City National bank.

Tentative plans for the reception were discussed at a meeting Saturday afternoon at the chamber of commerce, which was attended by J. A. Happer, as chairman of the military committee, George H. Clements, secretary, and the wives, mothers, sisters and friends of company K. Mrs. J. J. Mahan, who acted as chairman for the women, outlined the plans they had formed, which were the same as those discussed at the meeting Friday.

Advices Time to "Clean Up."
Mr. Clements said he thought it advisable to arrange to meet the company when they detrained with a military band and have a short stay in the city. Mr. Clements said the boys would be tired and dirty upon their arrival and would not want to be entertained then, but would most likely desire to go home and meet their relatives. Mr. Clements suggested that the reception be postponed for a day or two, so that the boys would have an opportunity to "clean up" and be in neat condition to attend the social and dance.

To Purchase Two Flags.
The matter of purchasing a United States and state of Texas flag for the company was discussed, both by Mr. Happer and Mrs. Mahan. Mr. Happer said two silk flags would be purchased and presented to the company.
Mrs. Mahan asked that her son be given the honor of presenting the flag of Texas to the company. There was no action taken on this.

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Brighten the home with sole Proof Colored Varnishes. Lander Lumber Co.—Adv.

CO. K HAS LONG BORROW SERVICE

El Paso National Guardsmen Being Mustered Out, Make Good Record.

(Continued from Page 12.)

Officers, special emphasis was placed upon having El Paso militiamen, inasmuch as it was expected that the men lost by removals would be made up by local enlistments. The roster of non-commissioned officers, as it now stands, all young men known to El Paso, is:

First sergeant, Jesse Manigault; mess sergeant, Ernest Sauer; supply sergeant, George Rivera; sergeants, Louis T. Boyle, Sidney Wharton, John Covert, Harrison Davis, Paul W. McQueen and Roy C. Wheeler.

Corporals: Frank Ross, Will Reed, W. J. Lawson, Robert Neff, Lester Harber, Henry Cline, Thornevald Lind, Louis B. Randolph, Will B. Prothro, Will K. Malone and Jerome Gerlach. The two cooks were Carl Miller and Frank Manigault; the musicians, H. A. Baker and Allen C. Jones. George Harber was named an artificer.

The Champion Corporal.
The enlisted man does not come in contact with the non-coms in the same manner that he does his brother enlisted man and for this reason the qualities which draw so many of them into a brotherhood do not stand out in their relationship with the non-commissioned officers. Paul McQueen, for a long while "the little corporal," has always been an "honorary private," and his friends regarded his promotion to a sergeant's position with pleasure, because no one of the entire company could have enjoyed the promotion more than himself. We will remember McQueen for his banjo and his fondness for Hawaiian airs and the ukulele. Henry Cline, who later became a corporal, we shall recall for his impetuous and his strong convictions when others held counter ideas.

Then there was Bartow Morris, slender, deferential, youngster when he was a private and now the picture of health, he was too individual to gain ground, and too honest to want advantages gained at the price of his pride. It may well be said of him that he's the healthiest man in the outfit. Also—girls notice—goodlooking.

Paul Pouke was always quaint. Half Indian and half German, he stood out in his through, making aboriginal remarks upon things that baffled him and Tonto-like remarks upon all things that aroused anger. He was only recorded to have lost his temper twice. In his cities Paul Pouke had been a decorator—walls and ceilings and what not. A spree brought him to us, and it is our general wish that the same happy humor may influence him as he disappears down the roadway.

Useful With Tools.
Will B. Prothro had a knack at tools and made ingenious things for the camp at Alpine. Later he became a corporal. His companion in many a fistful encounter, Raymond McDowell, mastered in advance of us all the semaphore signals and became the expert receiver and sender of the company.

Yankee in Shrewdness.
Gilbert Newman suggested irritation at first. Later we got out of the idea that he was built for the guardhouse only. God made him indifferent—and with it a shrewdness that was Yankee in texture. He smoked cigars with marked pleasure and always had a supply. However, he gave everyone else. He was a polite and always played an excellent hand.

Frank Cusick was terribly Irish. Two generations in this perfectly reconstructed land of America didn't change the whirl of his tongue or the sparks of his comment. He managed and promoted always. If Newman's managing, then it was promoting. He knew how to beat a drill and insult a non-com without being milled; how to get into stews and yet not pay for the stew. Having been with the Montana guard on strike duty at first he became a sort of walking encyclopedia on military matters.

Dainty "Bob" Potter.
There was with us another Irishman. Dainty of feet like his grandame, and gray of eyes, Bob Potter had a stack of qualities. Bob was generous and law abiding, but now and then falling into a temper. He knew well the comforts of life and how to gain them; he held them; and wherever he cast his tent, it was to attract the lean belted and the seeker of companionship. Ireland was reflected in his geniality and Ireland was reflected in his contempt and disfavor of all things that availed of injustice.

How like a litany their names run and how musical were some of them. For instance, Flavian Alvey. He was of us, an El Paso worker in gold. He was possessed of a naive humor most golden as his metal. He was a mimic, too, loved seances where freedom of views were open and he was given to considerable latitude on his own part. Having once served a hitch in the coast militia of California, he was more amenable to discipline than the majority of us and he skirted trouble rather than essayed to be a ruffian in it.

"Seguin" Gerlach.
And then there was the big, handsome Jerome Gerlach, stepson of Judge E. F. Higgins, court of appeals, El Paso—so young, so sleeping, so ambitious when on duty; and a corporal because he was so much a soldier the honor could not be denied him. He stood out clear and bravely at all times for the fast play. There was no changing or altering him. We shall remember, with a sense of friendly amusement, his early attempts to return to civil life through the student's clause and later on alleged defective hearing. All failed—because he was a solid body. He shall remember, also, how the months added ruggedness to his nature, matured him, and how at a later time he won the approbation of the colonel by quelling alone a disturbance among the prisoners of the guardhouse.

But what of Ostrich—dear, erratic, ingenious Mason Gobel? We called him Ostrich because he was always most quiet when most serious and most serious when stirred with humor. We shall remember him for his generosity, his readiness to sacrifice, his pocketbook and his extra time—for he felt himself too much a part of us to resign.

Jean Gettardy.
And little Jean Gettardy, our imitable "Go Dirty," subject of a thousand and a half of hundred episodes. We shall miss his staccato voice, his husky laugh, his outbursts of temper. We shall miss his disorderly cot, his soiled uniform, his neglected ordnance strewn across the tent floor. We shall miss his ingenious optimistic stories when we were bored to death with the sameness of "news" right and left; his hasty misjudgments and quarrellings and his generous "make ups" again. Ever shall we as-

BEAUTY CHATS To Know Oneself.

By EDNA KENT FORBES.

A FEW DAYS ago, I quoted in part, a letter from a girl named Ruth, who claimed she was ugly in almost every possible physical way. Which I didn't believe of course, for anyone who wrote such a clever letter, could not be as homely as Ruth claimed to be. However, the letter started me thinking on the advisability of every woman studying herself carefully before she begins a beautifying process.

In other words, start making yourself beautiful in a systematic and scientific way. You have a problem—that of self-improvement. Study it carefully, and make up your mind which are the best methods to take, and where to begin.

If your worst fault is your complexion, for instance, start at once on a diet of plain foods, and start massage and cold cream and steamings and ice rubs, and other simple, effective means to clear the muddy matter from the cuticle. If you are too thin, find the foods that will make you fatter, if you are too fat, find the foods that will reduce. If you need local treatment, find the exercises that will help that part of the body, and stick to them faithfully.

If your mouth is ugly, see if a dentist cannot fix the teeth to improve its shape, if it is the hair or eyes, or throat, do everything you know of to overcome whatever bothers you. Clever clothes cover a multitude of defects in the way of figure, and little ways of dressing the hair overcome an otherwise apparent inferiority.

Questions and Answers.
M. M.—Shiny noses come from overworked directions. Try a diet. It will reduce the amount of fat in the blood and keep the shine from the nose. Do not use cold cream on the nose, and wash it daily with very hot water and liquid green soap.

Katherine Martin—Send me a letter with self addressed stamped envelope enclosed and I will send you a recipe for a tonic that will make the hair grow.
A. Z.—Send me a letter with a self

receiver and sender of the company, this too, in spite of the fact that he had been nicknamed "Marblehead." The pet of the entire company was that little cement finisher, Kinzie Feathers, of El Paso—the boy with light hair, a laugh on his lips, and who no doubt you have noticed on his knees making concrete conform to squares and cubes. He had a cloud over his head when he first came out, but his troubles changed and he was his very happy self again. He played everything from basketball to checkers. Now and then he would sit around with a quaintly amused look on his face, watching a crooked poker game, or a one-sided deal of black jack.

Some More Goodbyes.
Bon adventure to Sammy Ventura—"My Wop," as Billie always called him. He came down from the western land of Oregon to subdue with the aid of El Paso know him well. What a live wire he was—how he loved a scrap, how his arms moved like the strike of a snake. We shall remember how he sang for us, never too bored or worn for a song. It was a good voice and it always sounded best when we lay prone on our bunks.

And Elijah Barbee, at last came his release. How he waited and longed for that release. Good luck, Elijah Barbee, may the gods be good to you, may the doors of good fortune open up to you, may the nation never again demand an additional sacrifice of you, and may you play your part with dignity and courage.

Goodbye little George Willan—frank-faced boy, also promoter, manager, sold bricks. You filled in the empty places well—friend to all men and enemy to none. You were not all the way, but a little way, you were like "Kim," friend to the world. With you there was never faction nor discord. You laugh and you watched out for yourself, and best of all you never picked the humbler things in the ranks. You didn't give a fig about being refined if it interfered with the kitchen police or the dog robbing and we admire you for it.

The Company Cook.
Shake, Carl Miller! You surrendered the privacy of being a private to cook for us; not because you wanted the bondage of stewpans and blackened pots, but because you knew you could change the unhappy temper we had all fallen into through wretched food. You did more to improve conditions among us than any other man when the kitchen claimed you, for you knew what it meant to transform the raw product into the delectable dish. You drifted away from us as a squad man when the kitchen claimed you, but we shall remember you more as Carl Miller of the old Le Jitan days when you lay in the shade of the "Go Dirty" shack; looked out upon the turbid Rio Grande and silently hoped for a release.

And it's a pleasure to Peter Pan—George Rivera. You went up as fast as the most of us stood still. You deserved all the stripes and labels of that came your way and we shall always look back with interest to remember how you pored over your records to make them straight; and how you swore gently when other men would have sworn terribly, over all the old debris of surveyed tents, clothing, and the heaps of worn ordnance.

A Bunch of "Em.
It's the parting of the way. Quiet and mysterious John C. Counts; hot-headed and volatile Frank Ross; gold-bricking J. T. Edwards, easy going, laconic Hamilton Baker. We wish you the best of luck, Elmer H. Lancaster, with your slow ways and your reminiscent drawl; you, Bill McArthur, with your stare and bluffs and good natured laugh; you, Allen C. Jones, with your devotion to the art of bugle blowing; you, Floyd C. Hewitt, faithful worker of the kitchen world; you, George Harber, with your ways of a little child and the body of a giant; you, Lester Harber, with your remarkably good breeding at all times and under all circumstances; you, Bill Malone, whimsical, droll, entirely likeable fellow; you, Louie T. Sims, with your imagination and generosity; you, John P. Covert, with a stack of good stories and unimitable anecdotes; you, Sidney Wharton, with your pride in things military and your determination to carry out the letter of the law.

We part. It has come. We are glad we are sad. I draw the period. I do it reluctantly. For I, John Regan, shall miss each and every one, perhaps the most of all. You are my brothers of the khaki, my brothers of the dusty trail, my brothers of the mess hall, the tent and the company streets. We do not fight battles outside—but we did inside and I think all of us came out victors.

Tenement Owners.
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Knowing one's bad points is half way to curing them.

addressed stamped envelope and I will mail you directions for darkening the hair, without harming it.

Ross R.—If you also, will send me a letter with self addressed stamped envelope enclosed I will send you a method of reducing large busts.

associate him with the little coffee parties, the intent sessions of card playing, the novelty of new gold brick ideas.

Another El Pasano.
So long little Joneay—Carl Jones, follower of races and circuses. We shall think of this little lad, with his stubby nose and ruddy face, wondering if in civil life, as in the military, he is fond with all his many important business of the day, crawling with the same old sense of luxury into his bunk. In January, "Capt Hardback," a title won by Brax Friend while driving a truck with the Pershing expedition, left for El Paso. He was unique among men. There was only one of his pattern and a surgeon's certificate of disability was granted because of a badly knitted set of bones in the left arm. We missed him. We missed the drawl that was strangely his, the good natured winning, the enormous appetite for one so slender and pale.

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a large fifty-cent case from any drug store and then if anyone should eat something which doesn't agree with them; if what they eat lays like lead; ferments and sours and forms gas; causes headache, dizziness and nausea; eructations of acid and undigested food—remember as soon as Pape's Diapepsin comes in contact with the stomach it helps to neutralize the excessive acidity, then all the stomach distresses caused by it disappear. Its promptness, certainty and ease in overcoming such stomach disorders is a revelation to those who try it.—Adv.

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Alberto Diaz, collector of customs at Juarez, is reported to have been placed under arrest by the military authorities and to have been sent under guard to Chihuahua City. Confirmation could not be obtained from Carranza officials. The charge on which the reported arrest was made is not known.

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